

Missing Children

Okkervil River

Kids get lost, lambs out wandering
Bigger, blacker things go following
Them into a patch of forest
Somebody once planted for this
Songs not over, phones still ringing
Eyes still rolling, eyes still clinging
Something in the air starts singing

Radio switched on and buzzing
Something in the wind starts humming
Something in the field starts hunting
Kids grow up and kids get numb
And kids it's coming, kids it's going to come